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01x16 - French Fried

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **04/20/01 18:48**

(Open with various shots of Michael and David playing in the snow, building as nowman, etc.)

Michael: (Michael knocks the head off the snowman) Oh no!(pointing to the carrot p*nis of the snowman) What's that about?

(They get some pretzels to snack on)

Michael: I got this.

David: I got it, hang on. (he hands the vendor the money)

(Cut toa restaurant where Michael and David are eating/talking.The check comes and both Michael and David go to pay forit)

Waiter: Here you go, sir.

Michael: Oh, I'll get that.

David: No, no, no, no. (David bats Michael's hand awayand pulls out a hundred dollar bill. Michael puts hiswallet up and smiles)

(Cut tothe grocery store. Michael spots things, then puts themback on the shelf. David grabs them and puts them in thebasket, patting Michael's butt on the way. They go up tothe checkout counter where they proceed to both pull outtheir wallet's again)

David: No, no, no, no, no. I got it. (he pulls out acredit card and gives it to the lady) Thank you.

(he wraps his arm around Michael, whistling, whileMichael looks a little upset)

(Cut toa cab, where Michael and David are getting out. Michaelgoes to the window to pay the driver)

Driver: Eight fifty.

(Michael starts to grab the money when David shoos hishand again)

David: No, no, no. Michael. (pulls out his wallet)

Michael: No, I got this.

David: Michael! (he hands him the money)

Michael: No!

David: Thank you.

(Michael looks a little flustered as David starts walkingoff)

(Cut tovarious shots of David paying for everything)

(Settleson Michael and David in a nice restaurant, the checkarriving)

David: (reaching for his wallet) No, I got it. Unless youwant anything else.

Michael: Yeah, I do.

David: Dessert? Good boy. (to waiter) Chocolate Death,two forks.

Michael: (to waiter) I don't want dessert.

David: Oh. One fork.

(the waiter shakes his head and leaves)

Michael: I want you to stop paying for everything.

David: I don't know what you mean.

Michael: You know what I mean! You're always picking upthe check and buying the movie tickets and getting thegroceries.

David: So?

Michael: So I'm working. You don't have to support me.

David: I can afford it, you can't. What's the big deal?

Michael: It's a big deal to me.

David: I like to take you nice places, Michael.

Michael: And I like to go to them, but...I don't like youpaying for me all the time. I--I feel...funny.

David: You pay when you can, don't you?

Michael: Yeah, and speaking of which... (he digs in hispocket and pulls out his wallet, handing David a check)this months house expenses.

David: Thank you. See? I'm taking your money.

Michael: Three hundred dollars a month. You sure that'shalf of everything?

David: Sure.

Michael: The cleaning lady? The utilities?

David: Chocolate Death! (he points to the big piece ofchocolate cake the waiter brings) You want a bite?

(Michael shakes his head 'no' so David takes the bite hewas offering. They sit in silence)

(Babylon: d*ke Nite! Women invarious stages of dress are dancing everywhere. Variousshots of Mel are intersperced with the womendancing--she's just watching everything. Emmett, Ted andMel are all standing by the bar, looking at the crowd)

Emmett: (to Ted) Isn't "d*ke Nite" fun?

Ted: (sarcasticly) Can't remember when I had such a goodtime.

Emmett: (whispers) I hate "d*ke Nite."

Ted: (whispers) Me, too. I feel so violated.

(Ted and Emmett spot two lesbians groovin' away)

Emmett: Eww, what are they doing?

Ted: (both look horrified) The muncher mash? You know?

Emmett: So, Mel, when was the last time you were at"d*ke Nite"?

Mel: Oh, before I met Lindsay.

Ted: Remember, we weren't gonna mention her.

Emmett: Hey...she's cute. (he points to a girl walkingby)

Mel: She reminds me of Lindsay with red hair.

Ted: What about her? (he points to someone else)

Mel: She reminds me of Lindsay with black hair.

(a guy starts walking by)

Ted: Don't tell me. He reminds you of Lindsay in drag.

Mel: (laughs) I can't help it. I miss her! I thought we'dbe together forever. That she'd be the one I kissgoodnight for the rest of my life. Now I live with mycousin Rita and kiss her goodnight. (chuckles) Christ!

Ted: Look, Mel...it's been great hangin' with you, you'vebeen a great f*g hag...

Emmett: Only, the thing is: f*g hag's are supposed to befun.

(Mel laughs)

Ted: So why don't you go see Lindsay, tell her how youfeel, and make up with her, okay?

Mel: How can I do that? After what I did?!

Ted: Whatever you did, you know, it takes two. You gotnothing to lose. Plus, you really wanna wait around forthe next... "d*ke Nite"? (shudders)

(Emmett and Ted go to the dance floor and start dancingwhile Mel stays at the bar, looking around)

(Justin and Brian are in thejeep, Brian driving him to school. Brian has a cup oflatte in his hands)

Justin: You drink too much coffee.

Brian: This isn't coffee, it's latte.

Justin: Just coffee that costs five bucks. And it stillcauses high blood pressure, heart attack, poor sexualperformance.

Brian: Haven't had any complaints.

Justin: Not to mention insomnia.

Brian: Well, usually when I'm in my bed I'm not asleepanyway, so it really doesn't matter.

Justin: (laughs) See, fortunately I have youth on myside. I can stay up all night f*cking and still scorefifteen hundred on my SATs.

Brian: Fifteen hundred?

Justin: Yep.

Brian: Wow, you could get into any school you wanted witha score like that.

Justin: I applied to Dartmouth, Brown...

Brian: You're going out of state?

Justin: Why? Do you give a sh*t?

Brian: It's just the first I've heard of it, that's all.

Justin: (smiling) You do. You give a sh*t! You give ashit!

(They pull up to the school)

Justin: (singing) You so care about me! You love me somuch!

Brian: Get out!

(he gets out)

Justin: Brian Kinney gives a sh*t!

Brian: f*ck you.

(Justin shuts the door and Brian drives off. Daphne's onthe stairs waiting for Justin, who walks up to her with abig smile)

Daphne: Hmm! Well, you look self-satisfied. I'd even goas far as to say supercilious.

Justin: (laughs) We all know you got seven hundredverbal. Stop showing off.

(they start walking inside)

Daphne: So, what did he say to you?

Justin: (smiling) Hmm. It's what he didn't say.

(St. James Academy: the inside ofa classroom. Students are everywhere, getting ready forclass to start. Chris walks by a student and pushes him)

Chris: Excuse me, f*gg*t!

Student: I'm not a f*gg*t.

Chris: You look like one to me. Do you wanna suck mycock?

(Daphne and Justin walk in, seeing this)

Daphne: Christ. Can't they think of anything moreoriginal to say?

Justin: Leave him alone, Hobbs.

Chris: Oh, must be a f*gg*t convention.

Justin: Don't take it out on him.

Chris: Take what out?

Justin: Your d*ck.

(they start pushing each other as the teacher walks in)

Chris: f*gg*t!

Mr. Dickson: Okay, you two, break it up. Now! (to Justin)Taylor, next time you cause trouble, you can talk to theprincipal.

Justin: What?

Daphne: Sir, Justin didn't do anything. It was Chris. Hecalled him a f*gg*t.

Mr. Dickson: Take your seats. Both of you.

(they sit down as the teacher starts calling role)

Mr. Dickson: Bueller?

Kid: Here.

Mr. Dickson: Chanders?

Daphne: Here.

Mr. Dickson: Frye?

Kid #2: Here.

Mr. Dickson: Gunderman?

Kid #3: Here.

Mr. Dickson: Hobbs?

Chris: Here.

(a student walks in)

Mr. Dickson: Lipman, you're late. Mendelson?

Kid #4: Here.

Mr. Dickson: Ruiz?

Kid #5: Here.

Mr. Dickson: Taylor?

Chris: q*eer!

(the class starts laughing)

Mr. Dickson: Okay, class, quiet down. Thomas?

Justin: (standing) Excuse me, Mr. Dickson.

Mr. Dickson: What is is, Taylor?

Justin: Chris just called me q*eer.

Mr. Dickson: I didn't hear anything.

Justin: How could you not hear it? Everybody heard that.

Mr. Dickson: Sit down, Taylor.

Justin: I want him to apologize.

Mr. Dickson: I said sit down.

Justin: Aren't you gonna do anything? Or are you justgonna pretend that nothing happened?

Mr. Dickson: One more word from you and I'm sending youto the principal's office.

Justin: (shocked, he grabs his backpack) Don't bother.(he starts walking as Daphne tries to get him to stay)The q*eer is going. The q*eer is out the door. The queeris gone!

Mr. Dickson: Tha'ts enough of that.

Justin: Oh! What do you know? He says it, you don't heara thing. But when I say it... Well, listen up now thatyour hearing has returned. This q*eer says "f*ck!"

(the class starts "ooh"ing and cheering)

Mr. Dickson: (yelling, as Justin leaves) Okay, that's it,Taylor. You are out of here.

(The bank: Brian and Michael arewaiting in line)

Teller: Next customer, please. (they walk up) Hi, I'mPaul. If you open up a money market account with ustoday, you get a fifty dollar gift certificate for lazerhair removal.

Michael: Thanks, I wax.

(Paul laughs. During all this, Brian's been giving him"the look")

Michael: Um, I was looking at my statement and unless Igot a raise that nobody told me about, uh, there's a lotmore money in my checking account than there should be.

Paul: Oh, uh, just swipe your card and enter your pinnumber.

(Michael does so)

Brian: When you're finished helping my friend, could youcheck the balance in my account?

Paul: Sure. (hands a pen and paper to him) Do you wannaput down the number?

(Brian write his phone number down, Paul smiling)

Paul: This is your phone number.

Michael: Would you please let him help me with myfinancial problem before you hit on him?

Brian: So how much extra do you have?

Michael: Almost a thousand.

Brian: Well, you should always have such financialproblems.

Paul: Mmm. It appears some of your checks haven'tcleared.

Michael: Which ones?

Paul: Number five sixty-six, five seventy-four.

Michael: Five eighty-three?

Paul: That one, too.

Michael: Well, thanks. At least I know where thediscrepancy is. David isn't cashing my checks.

Brian: Well, maybe he forgot. You know how people arewhen they get to be his age.

Michael: (pushing Brian, who's been staring at Paul) Comeon, let's go!

Paul: (to Brian, holding up the paper with his phonenumber) I'll check this out, sir.

Brian: Excellent. There are still certain services youcan't get at an ATM.

(Mel is walking up to Lindsay'shouse. She pauses a bit, then continues to the door,ringing the bell)

Mel: Linds...

Lindsay: Mel...

Mel: I, um...came by to see Gus, and...Oh, Linds, I missyou so much.

Lindsay: I have waited so long to hear you say that.

Mel: I'm sorry, baby. I am so sorry for everything.

(they hug)

Lindsay: Me, too. And it doesn't matter whose fault itwas.

Mel: Now all that matters is this. (they start kissing)

(flash to reality. A frenchman is standing at the door)

Gui: Oui ?

Mel: "We"?

Gui: No, " oui ." As in, "is theresomething you would like"?

Mel: Uh, actually, yes. I'd like to see Lindsay.

Gui: Ah, Lindsay is not here right now. She's teachingclass.

Mel: And who are you?

Gui: I am Guillaume. And you are?

Mel: (with fake accent) Melanie.

Gui: Ah, Melanie, the ex-girlfriend.

Mel: You know who I am?

Gui: You're the one who had the affair. Of course, enFrance , this would be meaningless.

Mel: I-I can't believe she told you that.

Gui: Lindsay and I are very, uh, intime . Intimate.

Mel: I got it. Look, I stopped by to see my son.

Gui: (shaking head) Mm. I'm afraid that's not possible.It's his feeding time.

Mel: Well, I could do it. (she starts to go in but ispushed back by Gui)

Gui: No, no, no. I will do it. He gets very...um, what doyou call it? Uh, finicky.

Mel: Okay, who the f*ck are you anyway and why hasn'tLindsay ever told me about you?

Gui: Perhaps it's her decision, now that you're no longerliving together, not to share with you all the details ofher life. This is normal. (yelling to a crying Gus) I'mon my way, mon petit chou . (to Mel) So, I tell her youstop by. (he closes the door and she stands there, takenaback)

(In the locker room, Brian,Michael, Ted and Emmett are all changing)

Michael: Why would David keep taking my checks if he hasno intention of cashing them?

Ted: Well, maybe he's waiting until next quarter when hehas less tax liability.

Emmett: (laughs) Spoken like a true accountant.

Brian: Or maybe he's just taking them to humor you.

Michael: Well, I'm not amused. I can pay my own way.

Ted: Very noble.

Emmett: Yeah, and stupid. Michael, sweetie, it's everygay boy's dream to be a kept woman.

(Mel walks in and all the guys start hustling around,covering their respective members)

Mel: Christ, do you think I've never seen a d*ck before?

Ted: Not mine!

Emmett: It's okay! It's okay, everyone! She's a l*sbian.

Guy: Oh, she's a d*ke.

Michael: Melanie, what are you doing here?

Mel: I took your advice and I went to go see Lindsay. (toBrian) Uh, when was the last time you talked to her?

Brian: A couple weeks.

Mel: Did she mention anything about a French guy?

Brian: No.

Michael: A French guy?

Mel: I went over to see her and this f*ck' froganswered the door.

Brian: So?

Mel: So, when I tried to see Gus, he slammed the goddamndoor in my face.

Ted: Well, everybody knows the French are famous foreclairs, oral sex and rudeness.

Emmett: I once had a date that involved all three.

Brian: (calling Lindsay) Maybe she just got herself a newbabysitter.

Mel: From France?

Ted: A little pricey on her teacher's salary.

Mel: And how come she didn't tell us about it?

(Brian's listening to the phone as the answering machineat Lindsay's comes on and Gui says "Bonjour")

Brian: H-hey, listen to this. (he holds out the phone foreveryone to hear)

Gui: (on answering machine) "You've reached Lindsayand Guillaume and beautiful baby Gus. If you have amessage for us, kindly leave it after the beep."

Brian: "Us." (hangs up)

Emmett: Pretty pushy for the help.

Michael: Makes it sound like they're a couple.

Ted: (to Mel) Quelque chose isn't kosher.

(Justin's room. Deb knocks on thedoor and enters, bringing a tray of food and a drink, asJustin sits on the bed, drawing)

Deb: Hey. (she closes the door) You know the last time Ibrought hot chocolate and fig newtons up here?

Justin: When Michael lived here?

Deb: Smart kid. Hm. He'd lock himself in here for hoursand hours. Told me he was playing with his modelairplanes. Ha! I know what he was playing with.(chuckles. She sets down the mug) Here. (holds out theplate) Want one?

Justin: No thanks.

Deb: It's a lousy thing that teacher did, having yoususpended.

Justin: Yeah, I could punch dickhead Dickson's face in.Chris Hobbs, too.

Deb: Only then you'd be just like them. (she sits on theedge of the bed)

Justin: So what? They deserve it.

Deb: Sure they do. But there are better ways of handlingit.

Justin: Quit school?

Deb: And give them the pleasure? (she holds out the plateagain and takes a bite of one of the fig newtons) Hmm?(Justin shakes his head 'no') You know...there werepeople...when they found out that Michael was g*y...whosaid and did the cruelest things. Friends... neighbors...family. My own g*dd*mn sister wouldn't even let her kidscome over here. Was afraid Michael was gonna molest 'emor something. Because that's the way people are. They'reignorant and they're scared. And there's nothing you cando... except educate 'em or sh**t 'em. Me, I joined PFLAG'cuz I figured it was more practical than sh**ting 'em.(she chuckles as she takes another bite. Justin smiles)Do you have a g*y club at your school?

Justin: (chuckles) Are you crazy?

Deb: I've been accused of it.

Justin: No. I'm, like, the only g*y student there.

Deb: I doubt that, Sunshine. g*y kids are everywhere.Only they're not all like you...'cause they're afraid toshow their faces. That's why maybe...you've got to dosomething to help them know that...they're not the onlyones.

(At the diner, Michael and Davidare eating and talking)

David: I didn't cash your checks because I don't needyour money.

Michael: But I need to give it to you.

David: Michael, you know, of course, that half themonthly expenses aren't really three hundred dollars.

Michael: Of course I know. I-I'm sure whatever it is, Icouldn't afford it, but that's not the point... that Iwant to contribute as much as I can.

David: And you do. You do. You give me something muchmore valuable than money. You give me your sweetness,your charm, your

humor, your hot little bod. What's paying half the gasand electric compared to that, Michael?

Michael: I'm not some boytoy you're keeping.

David: I've never thought of you as my boytoy. Don'tinsult me. (the check comes and Michael grabs it)

Michael: I'll take that.

David: Okay. Okay, whatever will make you happy. Whateveryou want.

Michael: What will make me happy is if you'll...take mymoney and you stop paying for everything.

David: Fine, from now on we'll only do things that we canboth afford to do. Together.

(Michael gets up to go pay for the food. David followshim)

David: There's only one thing.

Michael: What's that?

David: Don't get mad. It was supposed to be a surprise,but you know the the week that you have off from work? Icleared it for me too and I popped for...a trip to Paris.First class. Suite at the hotel " Georges V ."Reservations at all the finest restaurants.

Michael: Wow, that...that sounds fantastic.

David: (shaking his head) I know.

Michael: But--

David: No, I know. I know. It was the wrong thing to do.I'll, uh, cancel it tomorrow. And we'll just stay home,watch a movie. Or two. Eat in. And that can still be fun.

(David walks away as Michael stands there, lookingdumbfounded)

(Lindsay's house. Mel, Brian, Tedand Emmett are all waiting on the front porch as Melrings the doorbell. Lindsay answers)

Brian: Hi, Lindsay. Hope you don't mind us all droppingby like this.

Lindsay: Acutally, you could have called.

Mel: We did and got your message.

(they all start walking in, Gus fussing in thebackground. Lindsay shuts the door as Gui walks in,holding Gus)

Gui: (to Gus) Look who's here. (he sees everyone) Ah.Look who else is here.

Lindsay: This is Guillaume. (to Gui) I believe you've metMelanie.

Gui: Oui . Melanie. Comment ca va? Uh, how are you?

Mel: Uh, ca va . Just fine.

Lindsay: This is Brian, Gus' biological father.

Gui: Ah, oui . (Brian takes Gus from him) Be assured, myfriend. There is no need to worry about Gus now that I amhere.

Brian: Mmm, I wasn't worried when you weren't... mon ami.

Lindsay: And this is Ted and Emmett.

Emmett: Bonjour .

Ted: Bonsoir .

Gui: Enchante .

Lindsay: We were just in the middle of dinner so if youdon't mind.

Gui: Uh, if-if you would like, your friends may join us.There's enough rabbit for everyone.

Emmett: Rabbit?

Gui: Yes, I made a, uh, stew.

Emmett: With-with rabbit? Bunny rabbit?

Ted: They say it tastes just like chicken.

Gui: Please, uh, come try some.

(Mel looks at them)

Ted: Well, maybe just a...little taste.

(he starts following Gui to the dining room as Brian hitshim on the arm)

Emmett: (to Mel) I'm-I'm a little hungry, so... (he joinsTed and Gui in the dining room)

Mel: (to Lindsay) What's going on?

Brian: Yeah, who is this guy?

Mel: What's he doin' in our house?

Lindsay: Excuse me, I don't appreciate you barging inhere and interrogating me.

Mel: Whoa, who's interrogating who?

Brian: We're just asking.

Lindsay: Guillaume teaches French at the university.We've been friends for a couple of years.

Mel: Yeah, well, how come you never mentioned him?

Lindsay: I did. You just never listened. (Mel scoffs)Anyway, he needed some help, and so did I. So, I said hecould move in.

Mel: So why didn't you tell us?

Lindsay: We haven't exactly been communicating lately.

Emmett: Oh my god! This is fabulous!

Ted: Magnifique ! That's the best rabbit I ever had. Theonly rabbit I've ever had.

(They laugh and look at Brian and Mel, who is juststaring at them. They shut up)

Lindsay: Well, he's a...fantastic cook. And he'swonderful with the baby. Gus took to him immediately. AndI can't tell you what a relief it is having him help withthe mortgage.

Mel: Sounds like the perfect arrangement.

Brian: So how long is he staying?

Lindsay: That all depends.

Mel: Until he finds a place of his own?

Emmett: (to Ted) You're not gonna raise rabbits in yourcondo!

Lindsay: Until... (laughs nervously) we get married.

Brian: What?! (Lindsay chuckles)

Mel: Are you f*cking nuts?

Lindsay: Don't get so excited. It's just an arrangement.I can get some help. He can stay in the country and gethis green card.

Gui: Alors , I must insist that you come eat tout desuite or else it gets cold.

(Lindsay walks into the kitchen as Mel and Brian look ateach other)

(Woody's. Mel, Brian, Ted andEmmett are all there)

Mel: The way he insinuated himself.

Emmett: Right, like-like it was his house.

Ted: That he belongs there.

Mel: (to Brian) Like you and I were like a couple ofstrangers. I need a cigarette, bad. (Brian hands her apack) This is all my fault. If it weren't for me, none ofthis would be happening.

Brian: Aww, Melanie the Martyr. Do you want me to set youon fire? (he lights a lighter)

Mel: as*h*le, just give me a light. (she grabs his armand puts the lighter to her cigarette, Brian moving itall around) You know, if she goes through with this, he'sgoing to have to live there for at least a couple ofyears.

Ted: By then, Gus will be smoking Gauloises and...notwearing deodorant. (Brian laughs)

Mel: And she'll have moved on with her life. There's noway we'll ever get back together.

Emmett: If only she knew how much trouble she could getinto. Well, you know, it's Lindsay... probably wouldn'tcare. She's always lookin' out for the welfare of others.

Mel: The generous one. And there's me, the selfish one.(Brian nods) I wanted a f*ck and boy did I get f*cked.

(Brian spots a guy walking by, giving him the look)

Brian: (while looking at the guy) There's nothing wrongwith getting your needs met.

Ted: That's no surprise coming from you. It's yourmanifesto.

Brian: Well, it could be everyone's if they were honestenough to admit it. (to Mel) Stop blaming yourself. It's boring. And you don't deserve it. (Mel smiles)

(Justin comes up beside Brian)

Justin: Hey.

Brian: Hey. (Justin walks to the other side of Mel) Isn't it a school night? Shouldn't you be at Deb's studying?

Justin: I got suspended.

Mel: You?

Justin: For two days. I saw this student getting bashed and my h*m* teacher wouldn't do anything about it.So I told him to f*ck off. (everyone laughs)

Brian: Go to the head of the class.

Ted: That brings back memories. Getting the sh*t kicked out of you on the playground.

Emmett: Hmm. Having lit matches thrown at you in the locker room. Good times.

Ted: Yeah.

(Mel and Justin laugh. Brian, Ted and Emmett all clink their beer bottles together)

Ted: (to Brian) I don't suppose anything like that ever happened to you?

Brian: Mm. Well, once this straight football jock picked me up and dumped my head in the toilet.

Justin: What did you do?

Brian: I followed him to his locker. It was open, his hand was up, kind of like this (mimics the hand placement) . He was laughing, so I slammed the door so hard it broke three of his fingers.

(Emmett and Ted groan)

Brian: And that was the end of the season for him.

(Justin looks away)
(Brian's loft. Brian and Justin are both naked, playing around on the bed, getting ready for some action)

Brian: A g*y/straight what?

Justin: Student alliance.

Brian: What the f*ck is that?

Justin: It's a club. A forum where students discussissues, plan events. You know, to promote understanding.

Brian: I'm asleep already.

Justin: I need your expertise.

Brian: I think I've given you plenty.

Justin: (partially sitting up) Your business expertese.It's a tough sell, especially at St. James. So say Ibrought this concept to you at your office. How would youmarket it?

Brian: It's one thirty in the morning, and I'm horny ashell.

Justin: (whispers) Please?

Brian: (sighs) Okay. (He rolls over) You're the client.Have a seat Mr. Taylor. (Justin sits up, Brian startslaughing)

Justin: (playfully kicking Brian's arm) What's so funny?

Brian: (getting up) Well, this is just how I imagine allmy clients. I picture them naked. I can't believe I'mdoing this. Okay! (starts walking around) So you havethis concept. They "g*y-Straight StudentAlliance." Let's all live together. Power to thepeople. Peace. That's boring as sh*t.

Justin: I could take out an U*i and sh**t everyone. Thatwould be exciting.

Brian: Well, at least you'd get their attention. Now, wehave to figure out a way to sell it.

Justin: Right. How?

Brian: Same way you sell everything else. (Brian sitsnext to Justin on the bed, holding out a condom) Sex.

Justin: Sex?

Brian: You wanna get 'em in the tent, hand out these.

Justin: (holding it) Condoms?

Brian: You said it was an alliance. What better way foreveryone to come together? (he grabs a handful and dumpsthem on Justin's head. Justin grabs one and throws itback at Brian. They start making out)

(The diner. Michael, Ted andEmmett are sitting at a table, eating breakfast)

Ted: He wants to take you to Paris?

Emmett: Honey, you're the luckiest boy in the world! Passme the syrup. I love Paris!

Ted: You've never been to Paris. (to waitress) Thank you.

Emmett: Well, I know I'll love it when I get there.

Ted: So, when are you leaving?

Michael: We're not.

Ted: Excusez-moi ?

Michael: I don't have the money for that kind of a trip.

Emmett: Course you don't. But David does.

Micahel: I told him I couldn't let him pay for me.

Emmett: Are you completely mad? Of course you can.

Michael: David and I have an arrangement. We only dothings that we can both afford.

Ted: Au Revoir, Paris. Bonjour, Pittsburgh.

Michael: All right, so I won't get to see the Seine atsunset or-or stroll through the Luxembourgh Gardens orany of the other wonderful stuff he had planned, but atleast--

Emmett: You'll have your pride?

Ted: Oh, I hear it's what everyone is wearing in Paristhis year.

Michael: David already takes me to dinner, and he buysthe groceries. He pays all the house expenses.

Emmett: Where do I sign up?

Michael: It's not right.

Ted: But if he wants to do it.

Michael: That's what he says. He says it makes him happy.

Emmett: Then stop being so g*dd*mn selfish.

Michael: Selfish?

Emmett: I think it's selfish to deny your lover pleasure.

Ted: Listen to me, Michael. Money is my business. I'veseen it destroy more relationships than sex, okay? Now,you think you're being fair to David with this falsepride thing of yours, but it will only cause resentmentand frustration, and

frankly...you're denying yourself the opportunity to goplaces that you could never go. Do things you could neverdo.

Emmett: It's like what Barbra said so eloquently in"Hello Dolly." Even though she was years tooyoung for the part. (in a fake accent, motioning with hishands) "Money is like manure. It isn't worth a thingunless you spread it around, encouraging things to grow."You know what I mean? (Michael smiles.) (to Ted) Kiss me,Horace.

(Ted starts laughing, Michael looking thoughtful)

(St. James Academy. The bellrings as we see Daphne and Justin standing in the hall, abox of condoms with "g*y-Straight StudentAlliance" written on the side, Justin's holding it)

Justin: (to guys walking by) There's a meeting afterschool for the g*y-Straight Student Alliance. (they justwalk by as he holds out a flyer. to some more peoplewalking by) Uh, uh, after school there's a meeting,g*y-Straight Student Alliance. (to a boy and girl walkingby) Hey, you want a free condom?

Girl: Yeah.

Justin: Here, you gotta take one of these. (holds out aflyer)

Guy: Cool.

Justin: Here.

Girl: Okay, catch ya later.

Justin: Sure.

Daphne: Um, there's a meeting after school. Please take afree condom and a flyer. (to Justin) Brian knows whathe's talking about.

Justin: Yeah, he's brilliant.

Daphne: And hot!

Guy #2: Can I have a condom?

Justin: Sure. (he turns and finds Chris standing behindhim)

Chris: Hey, Taylor. (taking a handful of condoms anddropping them on the ground) You starting a f*gg*t club?(Daphne goes down to pick them up)

Justin: It's for g*y students and straight students.

Daphne: To promote tolerance and understanding.

Chris: So now butt-f*cking is an extracurricularactivity?

Justin: No. Just hand-jobs.

(Chris grabs Justin by his coat and slams him against thewall, flashing back to the hand-job Justin gave himearlier that year)

Chris: (Justin smiling) You better never mention thatagain, you little c*cksucker.

(He let's Justin go and starts walking down the hall.)

(Lindsay and Brian are walkingthrough a park, talking, as Lindsay pushes the strollerwith Gus in it)

Lindsay: I admit, it's a little crazy.

Brian: Crazy? You know, if this is about money, I toldyou I'd help you out.

Lindsay: And you have. But I gotta start taking care ofmyself. I can't keep relying on you and Melanie.

Brian: Okay. But do you have to f*cking marry him?

Lindsay: But it's not a real marriage. It's just anarrangement.

Brian: Well, he should arrange something else.

Lindsay: If he was straight, he could meet someone, fallin love and get married. But because he's g*y, there's noway and that's not fair.

(they stop at a bench and sit down)

Brian: Well, listen to the righteous indignation. Kindasounds like the Lindsay I used to know.

Lindsay: Oh, yeah, which Lindsay is that?

Brian: The last year in college when you turned into thatscary political d*ke.

Lindsay: Oh, her. The one who started the petition tomake date r*pe punishable by castration. I even got youto sign.

Brian: Yeah, well, you always were one for a worth cause.Listen, Mel and I have been thinking--

Lindsay: Wait a minute. Did I just hear you say...Mel andI? Did you actually say that? Years I have stuggled toget 'Mel and you' to be civil to each other, even be inthe same room together. Now all of the sudden 'Mel andyou' are allies? Huh! (Brian looks away and Lindsay getsup) Well, I don't have time to worry about what myselfish, self-centered, narcassistic friends think. Ihave to think about my son and how I'm gonna raise andsupport him. I have to think about what's best for him.So I think you should just f*ck off! I'm sure that's athought you can understand.

(She leaves with Gus, as Brian sits on the bench)

(St. James Academy. TheGay-Straight Student Alliance meets in Mr. Dickson'sclassroom. Daphne and Justin are up front getting readyas kids are talking to each other while sitting on thedesks)

Daphne: I thought a lot more people would come, didn'tyou? I mean, considering all the condoms we handed out.

Justin: Yeah. I guess they couldn't wait to use them.(they laugh as Deb walks in with a tray of food)

Deb: Hey! Not a bad turnout, huh?

Justin: Deb! What are you doing here?

Deb: Well, I thought you could use some cookies and moralsupport. (to classroom) Here you go kids, huh? (she putsthe tray on a desk) Enjoy yourselves. (Justin hides hisface with his hand as Daphne starts giggling) Home baked.(she chuckles. The kids start passing the tray around. toJustin:) My great-aunt Faye, who was in Burlesque, saidyou should never go on in front of a hungry audience.(her and Justin chuckle)

Justin: (to Daphne) Well, I guess we should get started,huh?

Deb: Well... (she kisses him on the cheek) Good luck,Sunshine. (she wipes off the lipstick she left on hischeek) You too, Daphne. Knock 'em dead.

Justin: (clears throat) Could we have your attention,please? (they ignore him so Debbie makes a loud whistle,getting everyone's attention)

Deb: Thank you. (she goes to the back of the class)

Daphne: Hi. Um, I'm Daphne. (reading from some cards)Welcome to the first meeting of the St. JamesGay-Straight Student Alliance. In the upcoming weeks wewill be discussing issues that affect all of us here atSt. James--

Guy: Isn't this supposed to be about sex?

(everyone agrees)

Justin: Sex is part of it. But it's also about otherthings. Like how we see ourselves and each other.

Girl: (laughs) f*ck this. Let's go.

(they all start getting up to leave)

Justin: f*gg*t! c*cksucker! h*m*! Fudge-packer! Those area few of the names that I have been called... because I'mgay. I've also been told that I'm going to hell and thatI should die of A*DS. (they all start to sit back down)Maybe the same thing has happened to you. That is whywe're here. To see if we can learn to accept ourdifferences and recognize our similarities. Because gayor straight we all want the same things.

Mr. Dickson: All right, Taylor. That's enough.

Justin: We're-we're just having a meeting.

Mr. Dickson: Did you get permission from the principal?Did you ask to use this classroom? Do you have anadvisor?

Deb: (standing up) He's got me.

Mr. Dickson: And who are you?

Deb: Debbie Novotny. Who are you?

Mr. Dickson: I'm a member of the faculty.

Deb: Then you'll be happy to know that we're having alittle educational program here. So why don't you sitdown. You might learn something.

Mr. Dickson: (holding a condom) Is this a part of yourcurriculum?

Deb: You bet your a*s it is.

Mr. Dickson: Now all of you, on your way, this meeting isover. Come on, let's go!

(they all start leaving)

Kid: Hey, nice try man. Yeah.

Girl: See ya, Justin.

Guy #2: See ya, man.

Girl #2: Try again, Daphne.

(Mr. Dickson starts to leave but turns around and looksat Justin. When he does go, Chris and his friend arestanding outside the classroom, smiling smugly. Daphnesighs)

Justin: f*ck.

(Michael is in bed reading up onParis when David walks in)

David: Man, it's been a long week. (Michael hides thebrochure) I am really looking forward to taking some timeoff. Got a patient at seven-thirty. (he turns off thelight and looks at Michael) Good night.

(He gets under the covers, facing away from Michael. Theylay in silence for a little bit)

Michael: David?

David: Yes?

Michael: Do you think I'm selfish?

David: You? What kind of a question is that?

Michael: I mean about...n-not taking you up on yourgenerosity, like-like going on this trip.

David: Michael... (turns around so he's facing Michael) Ialready told you. All I wanna do is make you happy.

Michael: Yeah, but what about you? (whispering) Whatwould- what would make you happy?

David: What would make me happy? Seeing you see Paris forthe first time...sailing down the... Seine on abateau-mouche, having the best meal of our lives at..."The Grand Vefour " or, uh, "AlainDucasse." Seeing your eyes light up when you findsome neat little toy at a flea market. That would make mehappy. (Michael starts rubbing David's shoulder) Thatwould make me very happy.

Michael: I want you to be happy.

David: Are you saying you want to go?

Michael: Well, since you already went ahead and make theplans and everything.

David: Don't do me any favors.

Michael: (shakes head) No, just promise me you'll let mepay for something every once in a while.

David: I'll let you pay for the baguettes. (they smileand David kisses Michael's shoulder) What do you say wepractice our French?

(They start kissing. David then proceeds to move southand gives Michael a blow-job)

(Lindsay and Gui are looking at awhole table full of pictures of them and Gus, picking outthe ones they like best)

Gui: This is a good one.

Lindsay: Mm, I like this one, too. (they laugh)

Gui: Oui. We do make a handsome family. Yeah?

Lindsay: Mm-hmm.

Gui: We should put this one in a frame... (grabs a frame)instead of that one.

(The picture in the frame is of Brian feeding Gus)

Gui: Brian. Very beautiful.

Lindsay: Lots of guys would agree with you.

Gui: Especially his lips. They're quite kissable, yes?(smiling)

Lindsay: (taking the frame) No.

Gui: Oh, la la, you needn't worry. I can tell he doesn'tlike me. And neither does Melanie or your otherfriends...

Lindsay: It's not you they don't like. It's what we'redoing. But it's not their decision.

Gui: Well, you are a wonderful person, Lindsay. (shemakes a face) No, no, no, it's true. If it weren't foryou, I'd have to leave the states. Now I'll be able tostay.

(the doorbell rings and Gui gets up to answer it. Youhear the door open, then close as Gui walks back in)

Gui: Cherie, c'est Melanie. (Mel walks in) Uh, Gus shouldbe up from his nap. I'll go check.

(He goes up the stairs as Mel joins Lindsay in the livingroom)

Mel: I guess if Gus likes him, he must be okay. Gus knowsthe difference between who's an as*h*le and who's not,right?

Lindsay: Right.

Mel: (looking at the pictures) What are these?

Lindsay: Oh, just some photographs. It's important tocreate a history in case immigration ever decides to paya visit.

Mel: Oh, jesus. (sits on the arm of the couch) I can'tbelieve you're going through with this-this...

Lindsay: What?

Mel: Charade. And for who? Somebody you don't even know.

Lindsay: I told you, he's a friend.

Mel: I don't care who he is. It's the most meshugueh ideaI ever heard of. I guarantee you if I had been here--

Lindsay: Well, you're not. You're not here.

Mel: I wish I was. (she sits by Lindsay) I miss you,Linds.

Lindsay: You're just saying that because of Guillaume.

Mel: (giggles) No, I'm not. (touches Lindsay's hair) Imiss you every minute of every day. And if I could missyou more than that, I would.

Lindsay: You think I don't miss you?

Mel: (looks away) Then why aren't I here? I mean, whyaren't we raising our son together? It doesn't makesense.

Lindsay: Well, it did at the time. I mean, all the thingsyou said...that I didn't give you enough affection...that I was only concerned about getting my own needs met.

Mel: I was wrong. It was me. I became...jealous andresentful and...I demanded way too much.

Lindsay: You were hurt.

Mel: So were you.

Lindsay: Yeah. Well...I guess we're only--

Mel: Human? (they both laugh)

Lindsay: Yeah.

Gui: Pardon ? Uh, do you want to give Gus his lunch orshould I?

Lindsay: I'll do it.

(Lindsay and Mel stand up. Lindsay leaves to go upstairs.Mel and Gui are left, just looking at each other)

(At David and Michael's place.Brian, Michael, Justin, Ted and Emmett are all there. Theshot we see is through a video camera, Michael beingbehind it)

Michael: Okay, everybody wave. Come on, put somethinginto it. (Emmett and Ted wave) Oh, you can do better thanthat.

Emmett: Who do you think we are, Matt Damon and BenAffleck?

Ted: I wish.

Michael: Now you guys can see us running all over thestreets of Paris and it'll be just like you're there withus.

Brian: Oh, I can hardly wait.

(Justin's looking at the camera)

Justin: That camera is the most expensive model. My dadhas one like it. Let me have it. (he gets behind it asMichael steps in front of it)

Michael: All right! Yeah, it not only shoots the movie,it-it makes popcorn to go with it. (Justin and Michaellaugh)

Brian: I guess you didn't get it at the Big Q.

Michael: David likes to go for the high end.

Ted: That must keep you on your toes.

Emmett: Hey, is that jacket new?

Justin: Snazzy, Michael.

Brian: (he looks at the tag) Boss. Not bad.

Michael: Well, I had to have something to wear.

Ted: Check out this luggage.

Emmett: (playing) Ahh! It's even got his initals on it!

Justin: Oh my god.

Michael: It does not!

Emmett: My, my. Certianly going in style, aren't we?

Michael: (poking Emmett) You told me I shouldn't deny himthe pleasure.

Ted: Oh, he must be delirious.

Michael: Look, I offered to help pay but he wouldn't letme.

Brian: Hmm, don't worry, Mikey. You'll pay. One way...oranother. Let's go to Woody's.

Justin: Okay.

Emmett: Bye, baby.

Justin: Bye, Michael.

Ted: See ya.

(Justin turns the camera off, giving it to Michael)

Justin: You want my advice? Hold out for a Rolex.

(Michael, all alone, sits down and looks around)

(Liberty Avenue, right outside ofWoody's. The g*ng, minus Michael, are heading to saidestablishment. Someone says something inaudiable)

Emmett: Of course it did!

Brian: f*ck!

Justin: What did? The other ball?

Brian: No. Your face.

Justin: The other ball...Wait (Justin's about to goinside when he sees Chris Hobbs and a group of Chris'friends on the street)

Justin: sh*t! (he grabs Brian)

Brian: What?

Justin: It's Chris Hobbs.

Brian: Who's that?

Justin: That as*h*le from school I told you about.

Brian: Oh. (laughs) You didn't tell me he was so hot. (hestarts to go inside but Justin pulls him back)

Justin: He has no right to be here.

Brian: Well, forget him. Let's go.

Justin: No.

(He goes in front of Chris, stopping him)

Chris: Hey, Taylor.

Justin: What are you doing here?

Chris: Checkin' out the freaks. Like you.

(Brian comes down and stands beside Justin)

Justin: Down here you're the freak.

Chris: (pushing Justin) Out of the way, f*gg*t.

(Brian steps forward, ready to beat his a*s)

Justin: Hey! (Justin pulls him away. He steps back up toChris and gets in his face)

Justin: Hey! Hey! You guys see him? (Chris' friends areall telling him to hit Justin, etc) We go to schooltogether. His name is Chris Hobbs. He just called me afaggot. (people on the street "ooh" and"aww") You see, Chris doesn't like f*ggots.

Chris: Shut up, Taylor.

Justin: Or maybe he likes them more than he thinks.

Chris: I said shut up!

Justin: He let me jerk him off! (crowd starts laughing)The f*gg*t gave Chris Hobbs a hand-job! (more cheering)He loved it.

Chris: You are f*cked!

(Brian steps in again as Chris runs off)

Ted: I can't believe you did that.

Emmett: You go, baby. (kisses him on the side of thehead. Justin smiles. He looks over at Brian)

Brian: Congratulations.

Justin: What?

Brian: You just made yourself a real enemy.

(Brian goes inside. Justin stands there, Ted and Emmettwaiting for him on the steps. He finally goes in withthem)

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